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THIS ONE'S
A PHONEY. THE
REAL ONE IS
AT YORKDALE.

WOW.

ToiKe o iKe

godiva's box

Dear Box,

The Cosmopolitoike was a great issue — except that we here at Innis didn't get any copies! Why hast thou forsaken us? Just because the Women's Studies Programme is based here is no reason to cut us off your distribution list. The members of the Feminist 'collective' here at Innis do not represent the views of the majority (or even a significant minority) of the students.

We are a multi-faculty college with lots of Engineers (Yes, and even Nurses) registered as Innis students. Please don't forget us in the future. We look forward to your next issue.

RJM
Innis II
(for the majority)

Dear Box,

Who says that nothing can be done about unemployment? Look for that made in Canada label on everything you buy.

So the next time your out to buy Columbian, make it

British Columbian. The world's richest, most aromatic blend because it's mountain grown.

Larry Grossman
Rope Growers of Canada
Dear Sir (or is it Madam, these days),

I haven't seen a T O all year. Why don't you put a pile in the entrance to the Sigmund Samuel library above which the French and English departments have their offices? The Varsity and the Newspaper have been doing so for years.

Yours in desperation,
DWS
Department of French

Dear Box,

I'm writing this letter out of desperation. I really should be writing up an Eng. Math assignment. You see, that's my problem. When I'm not doing assignments, I'm studying for a tutorial quickie or a lecture surprise. Today we had a nice surprise; there wasn't one. I'm overworked! I mumble about Cauchy-Schwartz in my sleep and

while watching televised golf I start working out Green's theorem. I'm tired of being treated like rubbish and scum. What can I do?

ELEctrocuted 8T2
P.S. Once I did get an extension but it cost me a pint of blood.

Dear All Shocked Up;
I really can't help you, but you might try sacrificing a Lamb to a higher authority.

Godiva

Dear Varshitty,

We the boys at Devonsbire are very upset that you are only printing two more issues. Our supplies of toilet paper are getting low, and we just got dysentery eating at Gnu Collich. Also there is nothing to line the bottom of John's Dead Budgie's cage.

Desperately yours,
A.S. Swipe

My Dearest Boxy Lady,

A funny thing happened at the last Toike make-up, much after the stag films. Bob suddenly had an enormous urge for penguins. (This is a

true story, by the way.) The penguins in question were Gertrude and Max, though that's not really relevant to the story.

Now, the problem is that Gertrude and Max were hiding in the derelict theatre, which is, quite naturally, securely locked up so undesirables can't break in and steal the dust. Late on a Saturday night, when you need a stuffed penguin, you need a penguin, and it's no time for half measures. So Bob forced his way through the window, bending a nail or two in the process, and made off with the pair.

Bright and early on Monday morning, a well known paranoid Eng Soc VP came into the offices, and, ever alert, immediately detected the break-in. Not one to waste time with any facts, he immediately phoned the police and reported this dastardly crime. When the Metro's arrived at the office, be told them to arrest me for the 'break-and-enter' and 'theft'.

Obviously, mere quibbles such as the fact nothing was stolen and I had nothing to do with it needn't bother the busy VP, since, after all, he doesn't like me and a crime was committed. But, dear box, what I'd really like to know, is why is Bob still on the loose?

Alan Batross

Dear Box,

What a thrill small town America has just had! Why we haven't had this much fun since the electrical storm a few weeks ago. Thanks to the Toike we now have more to talk about less intelligently! How heartening it is to know that even in Canada decadence, immorality and depravity are still thriving on campus. All of us dirty old Americans thank you from the bottom of our buns. Keep those Toike's coming!

A.L.G.O.F.O.R.F.S.T.A.(S.M)**

*A Large Group of Freaked Out Readers From Small Town America
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WE ASKED
ELLA.

WAS IT
LIVE OR
MEMOREX

Well Medsies, guess we showed you who gave the most blood. Next time realize who you're challenging. Thanks Engineering we had 331 blood donors.



TOIKE

A REMARKABLY CLEVER AND ASTUTE EDITORIAL



The Toike has come under a lot of fire lately so I guess it is fitting that I talk a hit about it in an editorial. Here are a few facts that may interest you.

- 1) The Toike prints and circulates 16,000 copies each issue.
- 2) Each issue costs over \$1,000 to produce. SAC gives no money. The Engineering Society gives less than \$200. The rest comes from advertising.
- 3) Neither the administration nor the Engineering Society has any editorial control and the content of the Toike is controlled only by the conscience of the editor (and the law).

Since I have just put the responsibility square on my own shoulders, I think that I should state my "editorial policy." I view the Toike as a humour publication and do not mean the content to be taken seriously. I think the Toike should present an image of good natured fun. Consequently, articles that

are written with malicious intent or that involve personal attacks will not be printed. Though I refuse to print malicious material, I do not mind including material that pokes fun at people or their ideas.

The feminists will never force me to remove what they consider sexist from the Toike, but they have made me take a serious look at the situation. This serious look has changed my attitudes some, and I think that now I will be a more responsible editor.

I do not think that the Toike is living up to its potential. As the only humour publication on campus, it could be incredibly funny. The reason that I don't print funnier articles is that I don't get any. The reason why I don't get any is that the artsies think that only engineers can write for the Toike. BULLSHIT! Our best articles (No Frills Surgery, Plea for Police Brutality, etc.) were all writ-

ten by non-engineers. Do not think that just because you're not an engineer, your articles will not be used; in fact I welcome the change in style. Grossness gets damn boring after the first paragraph but intelligent humour is always welcome.

I went to a non-serious debate at U.C. Judging from that, there is a gold mine of funny people in Arts and Science whose material I would like to print. We need writers desperately. In fact, all of this issue (except one hit of filler) was written by one person. To get an article or idea to me just put it in the campus mail. It is free and there are hoxes in Sid Smith, Hart House, etc., or else you can follow the map and come visit me in person.

Now a bit about this issue. Please do not take the material in this issue as anti-religious. It is meant to make a comment on the commercialism in Christmas. We apologize if anyone chooses to interpret it differently.

Mr. Ed. - Bob Moulton
Ass Editor - Lynn Wizniak
Copy Editor - Wendy P. Eng (Uin)
Joke Editor - Reid Eddy
Grammar Editor - Mike Stephenson
Bus Manager - Avi Zimmerman
Author - Jymmi eM
Artists - Nosella
Venuto

W.: Arjay's free energy is increasing, therefore His Holiness is not real.

Jymmi eM: damage everything — leave no sacred stone unturned.

Paul K.T.: Where do chicken balls come from?

Dan Nosella: Either famous or imprisoned.

J.B.B. Guywire: Is she over 16 yet?

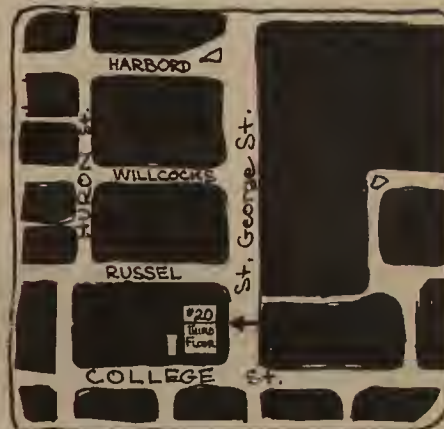
Otis Fudpucker: Stuck in the Bnad Lands.

Brian H.C.: my first time!

Zim: Let the world know. Trailer 2 Toronto main is the greatest, was the greatest and always will be the greatest.

Steev R.: Barb Nurse has nice friends.

Mr X: Tut sux!!



The TOIKE OIKE is published every now and again to meet the interests of the Engineering Undergraduates, by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. Nobody here takes the content of the paper seriously, so please don't be offended by anything we publish. The editor is lonely, so come pay her/him/it a visit on the third floor of the Old Metro Library Building (20 St. George Street). Or call her/him/it or her/his/its business manager at 978-5377.



"Don't you understand? I had to resign because there's no DJ's in Ottawa. Boy, do I go for their Hip O'Beef, and where else can you get draught for only 35¢? Besides, Maggie loves the disco..."

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Tut

A CHARLIE BROWN CHRISTMAS



"Gee, isn't Christmas time wonderful, Charlie Brown?" Linus asked cheerfully as he patted the last shovelful of earth on a makeshift grave.

"It's so goddamn depressing, I feel like killing myself," Charlie Brown replied, as he helped cover up the strangled remains of one of Linus' classmates.

"Aw, nuts to you. Of all the Charlie Browns in the world, you're the Charlie fucking Browniest," Linus said. "You're the only one I know who can take a wonderful season like Christmas, and turn it into a steaming bowl of shit. And speaking of shit, have you met my whore of a sister? Here comes the slut now."

"For a minute there, I actually thought that someone really liked me. Now I feel like going home and slitting my wrists."

All of a sudden, everyone clutched at their throats and gasped for air as an appalling stench filled the area. Birds fell from the sky and bark peeled from the trees as everyone fought to breathe.

"Christ, you slut. Why don't you douche with Janitor in a drum?" Linus snarled angrily.

"Kiss off, cum-face. It's not me," Lucy said.

"No, it's me!" said Pig Pen, sauntering up with a smile and a wave. He took pride in harbouring several loathsome diseases and had accumulated a vast repertoire of the most vile and disgusting personal hygiene habits imaginable. It was five years since he'd wiped his ass... and even longer since he'd used a toilet.

"A pox upon you," Charlie Brown said.

"No, don't thank me," Pig Pen said modestly. "And by the way Charlie Brown, what's with your idiotic dog? He must think he's an ex-Nazi war criminal or something. I just saw a bunch of Woodstock's friends fenced up in a little death camp on the way over here."

"That's my Snoopy!" Charlie Brown quipped cleverly. Suddenly, he became concerned. "I know you're all laughing at me... just 'cause my head looks funny," he said, trying to cover up the forceps



dents and corkscrew punctures he received during a traumatic delivery.

"Ha! Leave it to old Chucky-boy to hotch up his own abortion," said an unexpected voice from behind. It was Peppermint Patty, the most vicious, cruel, sarcastic and bitchy dyke in the neighbourhood.

"Shit," Charlie Brown said, "maybe I'll cut my throat and bleed to death."

"Why doncha, Chuck? No one would even give a shit. And while you're at it, take cankerface with you," Peppermint Patty growled, pointing at Pig Pen.

"Aw, she's pissed off because I spilled pus all over her chicken sandwich last week while I was lancing a gonorrhea

pustule," Pig Pen explained. Linus doubled over and tried to retch, but his ejecta were quickly lapped up by the insatiable probing of Lucy's nimble tongue.

"Jesus, that even makes me sick," said Pig Pen, twirling a string of wilted nuts on his butt.

"We gotta stop all this tomfoolery," Linus advised. "Charlie Brown's so depressed that we really have to do something for him."

"Let's kill him," Peppermint Patty offered.

"Naw, I got a better idea. Since it's Christmas, we can make a play. I'll be Mary Magdalene, who goes from village to village giving head and screwing sheep. Pig Pen can be the keeper of a local free clinic, Schroeder can deal Frankinscence, and Charlie Brown can fuck off!" Lucy said.

"Dammit. I'm gonna encase myself in a block of cement and suffocate," Charlie Brown said dejectedly.

"Look, hooker," Linus countered, "just 'cause Charlie Brown has brain damage, doesn't mean he wouldn't make a great director."

"What the hell, it's no scab off my lips," Lucy said. "Let's all meet in the auditorium at five." Before leaving, she donned her change belt and condom dispenser and headed off to the nearest monastery.

Later that day at five o'clock, everyone met in the school auditorium.

"Okay, you're the boss, Charlie Brown," Lucy said disinterestedly, scratching her crotch.

"Well, first I'll run through the hand signals," Charlie Brown said.

"Four fingers mean faster action, three means slow down, two for cut the scene, and..."

"One means go fuck yourself, Chuck. I'm not putting up with

this shit," Peppermint Patty snarled.

"Yeah, me neither," said Lucy. "Okay, everyone, giant free-for-all!" she said tearing off her clothes. Before anyone could move, the huge metal door crashed open, and there stood the awesome figure of Woodstock, four and a half inches of rippling hiceps. Behind him trailed his thirteen inch garbanza.

"I haven't had it in weeks," he grumbled in a resonant bass.



Suddenly, his pulsating sceptre sprang to life and flipped him head over heels onto his back. Lucy slobbered hungrily as she eyed the well endowed avian stud.

"Come and get me!" she squealed with delight. Woodstock beat his muscular wings furiously, but only managed to fly fourteen inches off the ground, unable to drag his massive dork up into the air. Finally reaching Lucy, he tore her so viciously that feathers blew off in all directions. Some minutes later, Woodstock fell off wearily, a gigantic grin crossing his ugly face.

"Isn't it a great play, Charlie Brown?" Lucy asked, her huttocks still aflame.

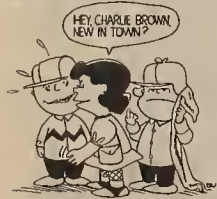
"It's all wrong... totally and completely wrong..." Charlie Brown said sadly. "Maybe I'll just put my head in a vise and crush myself to death."

"Go to hell, Chuck," Peppermint Patty consoled, "What you need is involvement. You've got to be around people that like you and need you. People that care about what you say and do. So piss off and go find some."

"No that's not right," Lucy said. "Charlie Brown, we can help you, now that I'm sated. We need a Christmas tree to put us into the proper frame of mind. So go find some fucked up tree or something and drag it back here. And don't worry, I can handle this crowd."

With those words, Charlie Brown and Linus left, closing the door behind them on round two of bird-banging.

"I don't know, Linus. I just don't know," Charlie Brown said.



"Hey Charlie Brown, new in town?" Lucy asked coyly, playfully rubbing his crotch.

"Lay off, gash. Charlie Brown's never been the same since Schulz erased his genitals one night in a fit of pique. And besides, he's flat broke," Linus explained.

"Then, who the hell needs him?" Lucy said.

"Shit," said Charlie Brown,

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N79



"That's par for the course, you loser," Linus comforted. On their way to the Tree Lot, Charlie Brown was run over six times by the traffic. He finally staggered over to the salesman.

"What can I do for you, tread-face?" the salesman said snidely.

"Oh God, Linus, kick me to death right here," Charlie Brown pleaded.

"Can it, sicko," Linus said, "Look mister, we need a tree, but we only got 75 cents. Whaddya say?"

"Eat shit. No deal for that price. Merry Christmas, all," said the salesman coldly.

"I'll give you five minutes with my sister for free," Linus continued.

"I said no deal."

"Okay... if that's the way you want it," Linus took off his security blanket and twirled it into a rope. Then, suddenly, he leapt into the air and twisted it around the salesman's neck. Dropping the man down to the ground, he tightened the blanket with brutal determination. The salesman grasped and clawed frantically under the murderous pressure that strangled his airway. A wry smile creased Linus' face as the sound of tortured gurgling reached his ears. Tightening even more, the salesman's eyes bulged and his ears fled as the bones in his neck snapped one by one with explosive cracks. Suddenly, the body went limp in Linus' powerful arms.



"Now, how about that tree?" Linus asked rhetorically. Looking around them, Linus said, "I don't really see any I like. But I've got an idea."

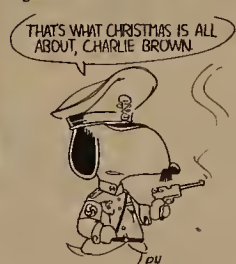
Half an hour later, they returned to the auditorium.

"We couldn't find a tree, but we got this nifty corpse," Charlie Brown said. Finding a coat rack in a corner, they brought it over and nailed the cadaver onto it.

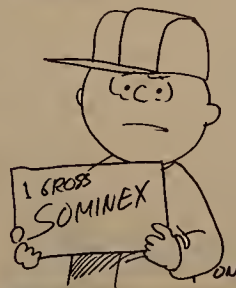


"It's a great tree," Lucy said, spray-painting the body a Christmas tree green. Five minutes later, the salesman was Thursday November 29, 3323 A.T. (After Tut).

"That's what Christmas is all about, Charlie Brown," said Snoopy, hedecked in full Nazi regalia.



"Gee, I always thought it was a much happier event," Charlie Brown said. Shrugging his shoulders, he turned from the stage and went home, where he downed a whole bottle of sleeping pills.



"We call it the Dixie Cup Formation. When the guy on the bottom blows his wad, I discard him quickly and the next guy falls into place. Well, whaddya think, Charlie Brown?" Charlie Brown stood horrified.

"I'll tell you what I think, you miserable whore. Nobody can do that to Christmas." Suddenly his rage exploded. Seizing a flame thrower, he hammered open the nozzle and sprayed liquid fiery death all over the mountain of heaving flesh.

"Die, you hasters!" he shrieked as he raked the rampaging flame across the screaming hodies time after time until the cylinder emptied. Sinking back with exhaustion, Charlie Brown wiped his brow as he looked around at his handiwork.

"Isn't there anybody who knows... what Christmas... is all about?" he asked pleadingly.



"Sure, Charlie Brown, I know," Linus said, walking over to the centre of the stage. "Lights, please," he asked.

"And there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night, when Lo, an angel of..."

"Die, filthy pig!" shrieked a voice, and a thunderous gunshot caught Linus right between the eyes, ripping his entire head off at the neck.

The decapitated body hit the ground and sprayed blood everywhere, while the head rolled off the stage and landed with a sickening thud.

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The Ballad of Eskimo Nell

When a man grows old, and his halls grow cold, and the end of his knob turns blue,
When it's bent in the middle like a one-string fiddle, he can tell a tale or two.

So find a spot, and pour me a shot and a tale to you I'll tell,
Of Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete and the gentle Eskimo Nell.

Now when Dead-Eye Dick and Mexico Pete go forth in search of fun,
It's often Dick who wields the prick, and Mexico Pete the gun.

Now Dead-Eyed Dick and Mexico Pete had hunted Dead Mans's Creek,
And had no luck — devoid of fuck, for nigh on half a week.

Just a moose or two, and a carihou, and a buffalo or so,
For Dead-Eye Dick with kingly prick, this fucking was too slow.

They blazed a trail in search of tail, defiling what they could,
And every bride, once hubby's pride, knew pregnant widowhood.

They made the strand of the Rio Grande at the height of blazing noon,
To slake their thirst, they sought the worst and found Black Mike's Saloon.

They went inside, and Dead-Eye cried "Now look, you gutless sheep,
According to sex, you bleeding wrecks you drinks or fucks with me."

The women knew his phallic cue, down on the Rio Grande,
So forty whores took down their drawers at Dead-Eye Dick's command.

Now Dead-Eye Dick was hreathing quick with lusty snorts and grunts,
As forty arses hared to view, as well as well as forty cunts.

Now forty arses and forty cunts you'll see if you use your wits,
and rattle a hit at 'rithmetic, that's likewise eighty tits.

And eighty tits are tasty hits for a man with a raging stand,
They may be rare in Nathan's Square, hut not on the Rio Grande.

Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks 'em quick, so he hacked and took a run,
He made a dart at the nearest tart and scored a hole-in-one.

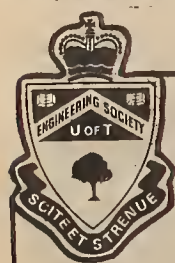
This lass he hore to sandy floor, and fucked her deep and fine,
And though she grinned it put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

Our Dead-Eye Dick he fucks'em quick, and flung the first aside,
Then made a gin at the second quim when the doors flung open wide.

Into the din of vice and sin, into that harlot's hell,
Strode a gentle maid, who was unafraid, the tender Eskimo Nell.

Our Dead-Eye Dick who fucks'em quick, was well in No. 2,
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell, and said to him "Hey, you."

The hefty lout, he turned about, both knob and fact were red.
With a single flick of his mighty prick, the tart flew o'er his head.



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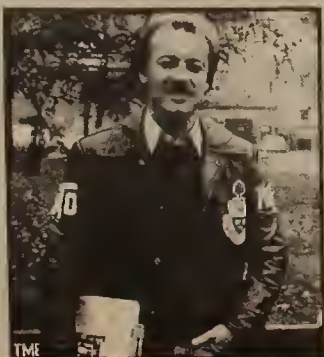
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The Night Before Tut

'Twas the month of October, and all at AGO
Were busy preparing the famous Tut show.
All the banners they hung on the outside with care,
Intending to make it a gaudy affair
The treasures were nestled all snug behind glass,
Displayed without fear to the thousands that pass.
The hype was colossal, the mania worse,
Oh surely this must be the hoy-Pharaoh's curse.
For young Tutankhamun now ruled over things
More vast and more numerous than when he was king.
And the Press is to blame for arousing this clatter,
All over this youngster who never did matter.
According to Carter, (whose wrists should be slapped)
Who deduced from the tomb he so carefully mapped,
The sole claim to fame of the least of the Kings,
Was death along side many 'Wonderful Things.'
Tut's ghost is now surely transvering the earth,
Appalled by the scope of his financial worth
In posters, in jewellery, in books and in clothing,
Instilling in all an instinctual loathing.
So much so that people will threaten to vomit
If they come across anything more with "Tut" on it.
But, who could foresee as they sealed off his tomb,
And bade him farewell in his gold-laden room,
That one day he'd rise like a star luminescent.
This pharaoh, this hoy-king, this near post-pubescent
But surely as quick as he came to our town,
He'll leave with his gold and his mask of renown,
And so end the saga of Tut in the city,
And leave us to Christmas, oh sorrowful pity,
With nothing much further Egyptian in Christmas,
This should pull the carpet from under his business.

K-TEL ANNOUNCES

Christmas in ten easy steps.

For only \$9.98 you too can get the complete kit.

- A plastic nativity scene actually glows in the dark
- Record album of the soundtrack to the Bible as sung by Pontius Pilate and the Pharisees
- Actual 8 x 10 glossy of Bigus Dickus
- Genuine mood cross that reacts to your religious fervour

Buy your way into Heaven now

→ AS SEEN ON TV! ←

Thursday November 29, 3323 A.T. (After Tut).

But Eskimo Nell just took it well, and looked him in the eyes,
With utmost scorn she glimpsed the horn that rose from his hairy thighs.

Then Eskimo Nell had broke the spell in accents calm and cool,
"You cunt-struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp, you call that thing a tool?"

"If this here town can't take that down," she sneered at the cowering whores,
There is a cunt that can do the stunt....it's Eskimo Nell's, not yours.

She shed her clothes from head to toes with an air of conscious pride,
'Till at least she stood in her womanhood, and they saw the great divide.

She hent her knees with supple ease, and spread her legs apart;
With a final nod to the randy sod, she gave the cue to start.

But Dead-Eye Dick with mighty prick prepared to take his time,
For a girl like this was a fucking Bliss, so he staged a pantomime.

He winked his arsehole in and out, and made his halls inflate,
Until they throhhed like granite knobs atop a garden gate.

He rubbed his foreskin up and down, his knoh increased in size,
His mighty prick grew twice as thick, and almost reached his eyes.

Then he took a sight, as a gunman might, along his mighty tool,
and shoved his lust with dexterous thrust, in manner calm and cool.

Have you ever seen the huge machine that drives the C.P.R.?
With hrutal force of a thousand horse, you know what pistons are.

But Eskimo Nell was an infidel, she sucked him in balls deep,
With a strength of ten in her abdomen, she ground him to a heap.

She lay for a while with a subtle smile, while the grip of her cunt grew keener,
Then giving a sigh, she sucked him dry, with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a manner neat, so as to set at complete defiance,
The primary cause and the hasic laws that govern sexual science.

So now my friends we near the end of this copulating epic,
The effect on Dick was harsh and quick, and like an anaesthetic.

He fell to floor and knew no more - his penis charred and dead,
He didn't shout as his tool came out, 'twas stripped down to a thread.

Mexico Pete sprang to his feet, to avenge his pal's affront,
With a fearful jolt, he drew his Colt and shoved it up her cunt,

He hammered it to the trigger grip, and fired three times three.
But to his surprise, she rolled her eyes, and smiled in ecstasy.

She leapt to her feet with a smile so sweet, "Bully," she says "For you."
Though I guess it's just the best you phony lechers do.

When next your friend and you intend to sally forth for fun,
Buy Dead-Eye Dick a sugar stick, and huy yourself a bun.

I'm goin forth to frozen North, the land where spunk is spunk.
And not a stream of lukewarm cream but a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understand what it means to fornicate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed, and the infants copulate.

Back to the land of the mighty stand, where the nights are six months long,
Where the polar bear whacks off in his lair, that's where they'll sing this song.

They'll tell this take on the Arctic trail where the nights are sixty below.
Where it's so damn cold, french ticklers are sold, wrapped in a ball of snow.

In the valley of death with baited hreath, it's there we sing it too.
Where skeleton's rattle in sexual hattle, and the rotting corpses screw!

SPORTS

This year's Engineering Swim Team once again emharassed the rest of the University hy an overwhelming victory. Engineering won every single event of the meet, chalking up almost half of the total available points. Congratulations to Carl Lytollis for winning the 100 yd. hreastroke, to Gary Jomes for winning the 100 yd. 1M., to Kirk Allan for the 50 yd. fly and to Richard Seward for the 100 yd. hackstroke. Thanks to everyone for coming out.

1979ENGINEERING SWIM TEAM

Reed Aldham	Gary Jones
Glen Algje	Rich Seward
Colin Doyle	Graeme Norval
Robert Munro	Paul Jovian
Peter Mueller	David Legresley
Kirk Allan	Doug Downey
Kevin Samson	Stephen Fors
David Ohashi	Shigeyuki Aoki
Rich Hooper	Hugh Fraser
Carl Lytollis	Rick Botman

COACH- Cam Serles

PS- Waterpolo starts in January, if interested, call Cameron Serles at 598-1899.

This year's rugby team did not do as well, heing eliminated in the finals after a close game.

1979 ENGINEERING RUGGER TEAM

Mark Hann	Dave Salari
Jeff Prichard	Blair Kingsland
Rick Weston	Blair Tonner MVP
Bill Haydock	Paul Thompson
Brad Cain	Mark Thompson
John Cocchio	Ken Fair

SEASON GAMES: Engineers 25, Law 4
Engineers 6, Trinity 0
Engineers 0, Trinity 8
Engineers HI, Vic LO
SEMI-FINALS: Dazzled Law hy new shirts and outstanding play.
FINALS: Heartbreak Hotel- Trinity 8, Engineers 6

The lacross team also won their championship game, but unfortunately didn't want to give us any of the details.



ATTENTION ALL INTERGALACTIC VOYAGERS

Presented forthwith are new instructions regarding consumption of mass quantities in the Milky Way Galaxy:

1. Proceed to planet Earth.
2. Absolutely ignore Maxime's in Paris, Winston's in Toronto, and Soe's Takeout in the Bronx.
3. EAT AT RUDY'S for its Universally renowned spacious floors, outdoor terraca, moderate prices, Bake Shop, Deli, etc.

NOTE: Failure to meet with the above recommendations may result in unpleasant sensations for which High Command in Romulek cannot be held responsible.

Beldar Conehead

Rudy's. When on Earth. Or on Bloor Street.

Rudy's. 232 Bloor St W

Located across from Varsity Stadium, the Conservatory of Music, and just around the corner from the ROM.



This Business of Life

By J. Jeffrey Case

This Week's Thought

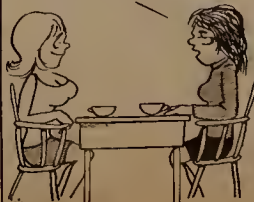
"Best wishes for a happy holiday season and a joyous new year"

Advising Young Professionals
With Money Management
By Design



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
1200 EGLINTON AVENUE EAST, SUITE 601, DON MILLS, ONT. M3C 1H9
BUS. 447-9121

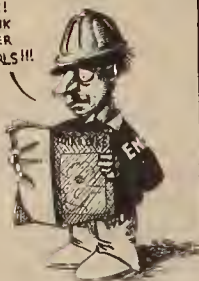
THE TOIKE TREATS YOU LIKE A COMMON HOUSEHOLD OBJECT! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING? DO YOU WANT TO BE EXPLOITED?



OOH! THAT SOUNDS SEXY!! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET "EXPLOITED"?



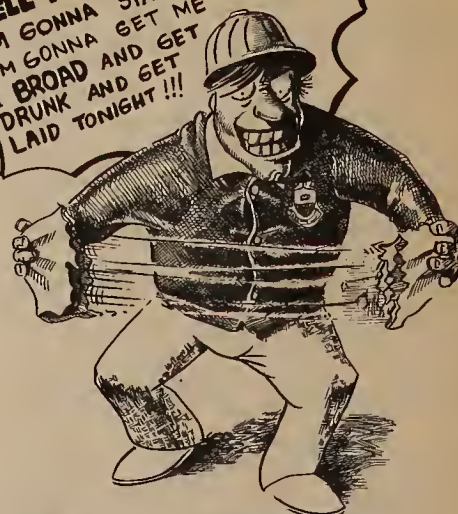
GOSH! THE GUYS WHO WRITE THE TOIKE HAVE A LOT OF FUN!! ALL THEY DO IS DRINK AND BEAT EACH OTHER UP AND SCREW GIRLS!!! I BET THEY HAVE WAY MORE FUN THAN ME.



BOY!! LOOKIT THOSE DIRTY JOKES! AND THOSE PICTURES! YES SIR! THEY KNOW HOW TO LIVE!! FREE AND EASY, THAT'S THE LIFE OF AN ENGINEER! BOY OH BOY THAT'S FOR ME! YESSIR.....



WELL I'M AN ENGINEER TOO! I'M GONNA START LIVING!! I'M GONNA GET ME A BROAD AND GET DRUNK AND GET LAID TONIGHT!!!



Hey Baby!! WANNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH A REAL MAN!

TEE HEE HEE!! DROP DEAD, CREEP!!



HEE HEE HEE!! HA HA HA!!

ON THE OTHER HAND I DO HAVE THAT MATH TEST TOMORROW



Jaffe

Reprinted without permission from the Nov. 24 1972 Varsity

ONLY THE FEMS DIE YOUNG

Come on Ms. Wolfe, give us a break
You feminist girls have made a mistake
Read our paper, can the debate
The Toike is the only one.
They showed you a sonnet and a
Shakespearean play
Taught you to write, gave
you a B.A.
But they never told you the price
that you pay
For never having fun.
Only the Fems die young
You might of heard that I run with
a rowdy crowd,
Engineers are pretty hut not
too proud.
We may be laughing a bit
too loud,
But that never hurt no-one.
Come on Virginia, try to
lighten up;
Brown Velvet is funny, don't
you see?
Not dangerous as you claim
it to be.
The Toike is the only one.
And only the Fems die young.
You got a nice white dress and
a party at initiation,
You got a brand new drone
And a room of your own.
But Virginia let me give you
a hit of information,
It's not an attack-
Burst your hubble and laugh.
Or go set up your table, get
your mandate
You say it's sexist but I
say it ain't
I'd rather laugh with Engineers, than
cry with the saints.
Engineers are much more fun...
And only the Fems die young.
You know only the Fems die young.



Feel the Velvet, Baby

This is a subliminal ad. If you stare at it for five minutes
you will see a bald man with his hand on a woman's stomach.

This ad placed by the sexist advertising company

HOW THE "U" STOLE CHRISTMAS

I realize that this article was printed last year, but it fit in well with the theme so I decided to re-run it. It is also a good example of the level of humour I would like to print.

Every Stu down in U-ville liked Christmas a lot... But the U, who lived north of College, did NOT! The U hated Christmas! The whole bloody season! Now, please don't ask why, no-one quite knows the reason.

It could be that his head wasn't screwed on just right, And it wasn't that cutbacks were squeezing too tight. But I think that the most likely reason of all Was he hated to see Stus enjoy life at all.

But whatever the reason, he had nothing to lose While other U's chanted the hudget cut blues. He'd stare from his Hall with a grin most appalling And watch the Stus plod through the snow gently falling,

Wandering home on this last day of class And wishing the best to the strangers that pass. "They'll be huying their presents!" he snarled with a sneer.

"Next week'll be Christmas! It's practically here!" Then he growled, while his plans were still nearing fruition, "If CHRISTMAS must come, then I'll charge it tuition!"

But next week, he knew, Christmas Day would still come,

With no way to wrestle a dollar therefrom. It would come without charge. It was FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

And the one thing he hated was FREE! FREE! FREE! FREE!

And the Stus, Firosh and Grad would sit down with their peers And they'd joke! And they'd talk! And enjoy a few beers!

They would visit their families and enjoy Christmas feast,

Which was something the U couldn't stand in the least.

And THEN they'd do something he liked least of all!

Every Stu down in U-ville, the tall and the small, Would gather their books and then PUT THEM AWAY!!!

Why, they'd not even THINK of the U on that day!

They'd forget! Not a thought! They couldn't care LESS! LESS! LESS!

And the more the U fumed, the more he was vexed, And the more the U thought of this Stu Christmas break,

The more he devised just what course he should take.

"Why, for one-fifty years I've up with it now,

"And I must stop this Christmas from coming! But HOW?"

Then he got an idea! A U of T idea!

The U got a WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

"I know just what to do!" the U laughed in his throat,

Then he sat at a table and scribbled a note,

Which he quickly dispatched to the U of T Press.

"These new exam dates will make Christmas a mess!

"So I'll distribute them now..." he said, eyes aglow.

Then went to the Council (maintained just for show),

And called for the head of these faculty hacks,

Who happened to be his old faithful dog Fax.

"I'll be needing your help!" The U said with a laugh,

And fastened a chain to the dog's middle half.

Then, donning an old Santa hat and a coat,

He picked up the bundle of pamphlets he wrote,

And yelled to the dog at the end of the chain,

"Let's off to the Stus to distribute some pain

Then jumping atop an old ramshackle sled,

He got the dog moving by clouting his head

Once into the air, he reclined quite relaxed

And chuckled to think how the Stus would be taxed

When they'd awaken to find, much to their dismay,

That most of their finals were on Christmas Day!

He found the first house by the name in his file,

Prepared to embark on his mission most vile,

And slid down the chimney. A rather tight squeeze,

But Santa could do it, and so could this heast

He got stuck only once, and he cursed black and blue,

Until he fell out of the fireplace flue,

And into the room where his first Stu lay snoozing,

Recovering after an 'end of year' boozing.

"This'll soher him fast!" said the U quite uncaring,

"By Christmas we'll see how this lay-about's faring!"

So, with nary a hint of emotion at all,

He nailed the timetable there on the wall,

Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant,

Around the Stu's tree, where he stepped on each present.

"There's no other season that bothers me so,

"So this tree," said the U, "Is the first thing to go."

Then he went to the chimney and started to push,

When he heard a small sound like the gas from a tush.



He turned around fast, and he saw a small Stu! It was Cindy-Lou Stu, who was no more than two. She'd not been disturbed by the U's noisy clatter, She's only arisen to empty her bladder. She stared at the U and said, "Santy Claus, why? "You're abducting our Christmas tree! Please tell me why."

But, you know, that old U was a liar hy trade, And in no time at all, bad a whole story made. "Why, my sweet little thing," the fake Santa Claus lied, "There's a light on this tree that won't light on one side. "So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear,

"I'll fix it up there, then I'll bring it back here."

But she was not fooled by a lie so pathetic. -

"You're denying the Laws of Electromagnetics.

"And relativity theory you've also perverted.

"Yes, Einstein would turn in his grave if he heard it."

His attempt to rebut was a total disgrace.

And he argued until he was blue in the face,

But she'd beaten him squarely on every account;

On many more points than he was able to count.

Then she told him goodnight, and went off to her bed,

And left the U fuming, and scratching his head.

But he conceded the bout and then left from the bouse,

(Though on his way out, he stepped right on a mouse)

And he liked it so much, that in other Stu's bouses,

He squashed the guts out of the other Stu's mouses!

It was a quarter past dawn, all the Stu's still abed,

All the U's deeds completed, all the floors bloody red,

Cannonball 8T0

THE ANNUAL Engineering Semi-Formal

To Be Held At

Hart House

In The Great Hall

Saturday, January 19, 1980

An Evening of Music And Dancing,

Featuring

The Nova Sounds

Fine Listening Provided By

E.T.C.

Also Includes

The Famous Infamous Miss Cannonball Contest

The Infamous Famous Inter-Course Competition

The Infamous Unfamous L.G.M.B.

Tickets Go On Sale January 3rd, 1980

\$12.00 per couple

In The Engineering Stores

A midget went into warehouse. None of the girls really wanted to serve him, so finally they drew lots and Mitzie was unlucky and went up to the room with him.

A minute later, there was a loud scream. The Madam and all of the girls charged up the staircase and into the room. Mitzie lay on the floor in a dead faint. Standing next to the bed was the midget, nude, and with a three foot cock hanging down and almost touching the floor.

The girls were dumbfounded by the sight. Finally, one of them regained her composure to say, "Sir, would you mind if we felt it? We've never seen anything like that before."

The midget sighed. "Okay, honey. But only touching. No sucking. I used to be six feet tall."

This article was looking in a sex shop window. He saw a large rubber cock that appealed to him, and he ventured inside.

When the clerk came to wait on him, he pointed to the big black penis in the window. "I'll take that one," he said.

"Should I wrap it or just put it in a bag?" asked the clerk. "Neither," said the customer. "I'll just eat it right here."

A ventriloquist was driving in the country when he was attracted to a large farm. He asked for and was given a tour.

As he was shown through the barn, the ventriloquist thought he'd have some fun. He proceeded to make one of the horses talk.

The hired hand, wide-eyed with fear, rushed from the barn to the farmer. "Sam," he shouted, "those animals are talking! If that little sheep says anything about me, it's a damned lie!"

A jock went to his doctor full of anger. "Doc," he said, "I feel like killing my wife. You've got to help me. You've got to tell me what to do."

The doctor decided on how to best handle the case. "Look," he said, "here are some pills. You take these twice a day and they'll enable you to fuck your wife six times a day. If you do this for thirty days, you'll fuck her to death."

"Wonderful, doc," said the grateful patient. "I think I'll take her to Miami Beach so there won't be anything to interfere with us and no one will be suspicious."

He left with a bottle of pills in his hand and a smile on his face.

Nearly a month passed. The doctor flew to Miami Beach for a medical convention. There, on Lincoln Road, he saw his patient coming along in a wheelchair, just managing to move forward.

"What happened?" the doctor asked. "What happened?"

"Don't worry, doc," the patient reassured him, "Two more days and she'll be dead."

An old man made it shakily through the door to Joe Conforti's Mustang Ranch, outside Reno, Nevada.

The receptionist stared at him. "You gotta be in the wrong place," she exclaimed. "What are you looking for?"

"Ain't this the famous Mustag? Ain't this where you allus got forty-five girls ready 'n' able?"

The receptionist looked perplexed. "Ready for what?"

"I want a girl," the old man rasped. "I wanna get laid."

"How old are you, Pop?" she asked.

"Ninety-two," he replied.

"Ninety-two? Pop, you've had it!"

"Oh," said the old man, a little disconcerted as his trembling fingers reached for his wallet. "How much do I owe you?"

An elephant was having an awful time in the jungle because a horsefly kept biting her near her tail and there was nothing she could do about it. She kept swinging her trunk, but he was far out of reach.

A little sparrow observed this and suddenly flew down and snipped the horsefly in half with his beak.

"Oh, thank you!" said the elephant. "That was such a relief."

"My pleasure, ma'am," said the sparrow.

"Listen, Mr. Sparrow, if there's anything I can ever do for you, don't hesitate to ask."

The sparrow hesitated. "Well ma'am," he said.

"What is it," said the elephant. "You needn't be shy with me."

"Well," said the sparrow, "the truth is that all my life I wondered how it would feel to fuck an elephant."

"Go right ahead," said the elephant. "Be my guest!"

The sparrow flew around behind the elephant and began to fuck away. Up above them, a monkey in the tree watched and began to get very excited. He started to masturbate. This shook a coconut loose and it fell from the tree, hitting the elephant smack on the head.

"Ouch!" said the elephant.

At which point, the sparrow looked over from behind and said, "Am I hurting you, dear?"

Little Willie had a gambling problem. He'd bet on anything. One day, Willie's father consulted his teacher.

The teacher said, "Mr. Gaines, I think I know how to teach Willie a real lesson. We'll trap him into a big wager that he'll lose."

Willie's father agreed to cooperate with the plan.

The next day at school, the teacher watched Willie making wagers with the other children, and she said, "Willie, I want you to remain after class."

When the others had left the classroom, Willie walked up to the teacher. Before she could open her mouth, he said, "Don't say it, Miss B.; I know what you're going to say, but you're a liar!"

"Willie!" the startled teacher said. "What are you talking about!"

"You're a fake!" Willie continued. "How can I believe anything you tell me? You've got this blood hair on top, but I've seen your hush and it's pitch black!"

Trying to keep her cool, the teacher said, "Willie, that isn't true."

"I'll bet a dollar it is!" Willie challenged.

The teacher saw her chance to teach Willie his lesson. "Make it five dollars and you have a bet," she said.

"You're on!" Willie whipped out a five-dollar bill.

Before anyone could come into the room, Miss B. dropped her panties, spread her legs, and showed Willie that her pubic hair was as blond as the hair on top of her head.

Willie hung his head. "You win," he said, handing her the fiver.

Miss B. couldn't wait for him to leave so she could get to a phone to call his father. She reported what had happened. "Mr. Gaines," she said, "I think we've finally taught him his lesson."

"The hell we have," the father muttered. "This morning Willie bet me ten dollars that he'd see your cunt before the day was over."

Jones took his nymphomaniac wife to the doctor for treatment. "This is one hot potato of a lady, doctor," he said. "Maybe you can do something for her? She goes for any man, and I get very jealous."

"We'll see," the doctor said. He directed Mrs. Jones into his examining room, closed the door behind him and told her to undress. Then he told her to get up onto the examination table on her stomach.

The moment he touched her buttocks, she began to moan and squirm. It was too much for him to resist, and he climbed up on top of her and began to screw her.

Jones suddenly heard moans and groans coming from the examination room. Unable to control himself, he pushed open the door, to be confronted by the sight of the doctor astride his wife and banging away.

"Doctor, what are you doing?" he asked.

The flustered doctor said, "Oh, it's you, Jones? I'm only taking your wife's temperature!"

Jones opened his switchblade knife and began to hone it on his sleeve very deliberately. "Doc," he said, "when you take that thing out, it better have numbers on it!"

Bill and Emil were two friends who shared an apartment together in Toronto. One day, Bill came home to find Emil

weeping into his hands. "I'm so unlucky. So unlucky!" he moaned.

"You're always saying that, and it isn't so," Bill said.

"It is! It is!" Emil said. "I'm the most unlucky fellow you know!"

"What happened oow?"

"Well, I met this beautiful woman on Huron St. We got to talking and we stopped off at The Bruoswick for a few drinks. Wow! We got really mellow. When she suggested that I go to her place, I thought my luck had changed."

"It sounds like it did," Bill said.

"Minutes after we entered her Apartment I was in bed with her. I was just starting to climax when we heard the door bang open."

"It's my boyfriend!" she said.

"I didn't even have time to grab a towel. I hounded for the window and just managed to climb out, hanging on the ledge by my hands, when he barged in."

"He sized up the scene immediately, and then he saw my hands hanging on for dear life. He came to the window and started pounding my knuckles with a hammer. Then he took out his cock and pissed all over me. Then he slammed the window on my bloody fingers."

Then, as if I didn't have trouble enough, two old ladies on the street saw me hanging there stark naked, and they started screaming for the police. The mice came and I was arrested. Now do you see what I mean when I say I'm unlucky?"

"Nonsense," Bill said. "You're upset, but an experience like that could happen to anyone."

"You don't understand," Emil said. "When the mice came to arrest me, I looked down and my feet were only four inches from the ground"



Application Engineers Wanted

Are You Interested In A Challenging Career Involving Engineering And Marketing? We Are Looking For A Highly Motivated Person With A Bachelor Of Science Or Master's Degree In Engineering (Mechanical Preferred).

The first 18 months would be spent in our corporate head office in Canton, Ohio in our application engineering and marketing departments. During this period you will get exposure to all facets of our business with particular emphasis on the designing of our tapered roller bearings into various types of machinery such as construction and farm equipment, machine tools, gear boxes, etc.

Following this, you will be assigned to a district office in Canada where you would take on the responsibility of marketing our tapered roller bearings to original equipment manufacturers. This position offers a company car, expense account, and ample opportunity to prove yourself a candidate for upper management positions.

Interested Persons Must Submit An Application To The Placement Centre By December 11, 1979.

Canadian Timken Limited
35 Kelfield Street
Toronto, Ontario
M9W 5A3

E.S.A.F.A.T.

The Engineering students against the Toike will be having a rally tomorrow (Friday). Meet in the Stores at 12:00.

The purposes of this rally are:

- 1) Show the world is a nicer place if one can laugh.
- 2) Ban the use of mouthwash as it kills billions of innocent germs daily.
- 3) Have a good time and give the Bnad a chance to give a recital to another adoring crowd.
- 4) Show our overwhelming support for Spiderman in his battle against evil.

LOOK! HE TOLD US TEQUILA SAUZA! AND WE BETTER GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME! AS HE LEFT HIS OFFICE HE PRACTICALLY YELLED: "TEQUILA SAUZA IS **NUMERO UNO** IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY! GET IT? NUMBER ONE - JUST IN CASE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!"



TEQUILA SAUZA!



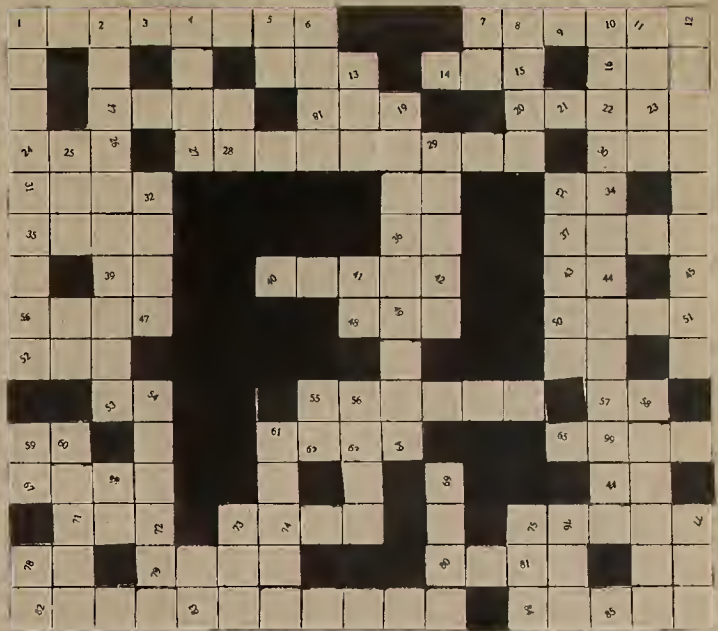
NUMERO UNO IN MEXICO AND IN CANADA

When he packed up his sled. Packed it up with their presents. Broken records! Torn clothing! Things hurning and smoking! The Stus would soon know that the U wasn't joking! Then he took all this garbage he'd piled high, And delivered it to the lunchroom in Med Sci. "Pooh-pooh to the Stu!" he was U-ishly humming, "They're finding out now that no Christmas is coming! "When they look at the timetable nailed to the wall, "They'll let out a shriek that'll make your skin crawl!" So he paused, and the U put a hand to his ear, And he listened intently while scratching his rear. And he did hear a sound rising over the snow. It started in low, then it started to grow... But, the sound wasn't sad, no lamenting or moaning, No shrieking, no screaming, no grunting or groaning! He stared down at U-ville; the U popped his eyes! Then he shook! What he saw was a dreadful surprise! Every Stu down in U-ville, so coolly uncaring, Had picked up their schedules, and were husily tearing!



Thursday November 29, 3323 A.T. (After Tut).

Toike Crossword Puzzle



Across and Up Yours Down

Across

1. Son of Martha
7. Where girls have hlack curly hair
12. Another name for the Ptomaine palace
14. Skuleman's home away from home
16. Will _____
17. Wimp
18. 2nd Dehut's miracle formula
20. Excited
24. To relieve an internal pressure
27. Engineers' hihle
30. Meaningless jumhle of letters
31. Sign of VD
35. Toike noxious perverts association (ahhr)
37. Annual event for nurses
38. Same as 45 across
39. Conjunction used in similies
40. Region inahited hy short and curlies.
43. Mouth to mouth
46. Dark and deep (not a well)
48. Rhymes with Duck
50. Nickname for a nurse
52. Cheap way to huy a vihrator
53. "He was hig."
55. Enlarger
57. No good (ahhr)

59. Twiggys hra size
61. Manufactured good
65. Hehradite
67. Organic cantilevered masses
70. Boh Moul't's favourite position (ahhr)
71. Same as 16 across
73. Cheryl Tieg's most valuable asset
75. Means of electronically inducing foreplay
78. Pertaining to
79. Girls' closest companion _____ eddy
80. foot (french)
82. Verb tense of word found on p. 69 of Flrosh Toike
84. First position ever tried

19. What engineers can do hest.
22. An upperclassman
25. Length of time
29. Engineer's first person singular of "to multiply."
32. Opposite of where a man was told to go (not heaven).
33. Ralph has a seven-foot one
51. Opposite of off
56. High energy electro-magnetic radiation.
58. Patron saint of engineers.
59. I guess you should get some hreaks, the answer for 59 down is AT.
60. Misspelling of home of our line printer.
61. Girls on pay as you lay plan.
68. It's a long way _____ Tiperary.
69. (Honest) The most horrifying experience that a woman can have.
73. Plea for marks (not kissass).
74. A metalurgist can tell the difference between virgin metal and a common _____
75. Deciding factor in close contest.
76. Lemon or lime.
77. Form of hash.
78. Same as 78 across.

Down

1. Second most valuable tool of the engineer of the sixties.
2. Leather ones are sold on Yonge St.
4. Egress
5. Indefinite article
6. Drac's favourite erogenous zone.
7. Same as 59 across.
8. Cost of Toike
10. A Flrosh
11. Skuleman's most valuable tool anytime.
12. Wearing down
13. Artsies cock size

First correct solution wins a case of beer

He HADN'T stopped Christmas from coming! IT CAME! Somehow or other, it came just the same! And the U, with his U feet ice cold in the snow, Stood puzzling and puzzling, "How could it be so? "I ruined their presents! I shortened their time! "I thought I'd constructed the ultimate crime!" And he puzzled three hours, till his puzzler was sore. He was unaccustomed to thinking for so long before. "Maybe Christmas," he thought, "Doesn't come from a

store!" "Maybe Christmas, perhaps, means a little hit more!" "Naah." He deduced this in a tone most emphatic. "I still can't abide this emotional static." And what happened then? Well, in U-ville they say That his miniscule heart shrunk three sizes that day. And the minute his heart almost popped out of sight, He posted their marks in the bright morning light. Still attempting to make this a day they would rue He, HE HIMSELF, the U, just expelled every Stu.



YOU'RE RIGHT, SCUM. THERE ARE THINGS THAT MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW - BUT CAUCHY'S THEOREM ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

Merry Christmas

